

Scars

by Novelist N Training

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Summary: She knew she'd get some, just not emotionally. Promo for first chapter, anyway. Now a multi-chapter fic!

1. Chapter 1

****Scars****

****This is my first How to Train Your Dragon fic, so be nice. Sorry if Ruffnut's a little OOC. Just a thought on how Hiccup reacted to Ruffnut's advances, and if there was anything more to that. Takes place right at the end of the movie but before Gift of the Night Fury.****

Ruffnut sighed heavily as she lied down on her bed, her mind exhausted from the day's events. They had just defeated the Red Death, and now everyone had retired to their home. The night sky was a rich indigo color fading to black at the horizon, different from the ashy grey it had been merely hours ago.

With sleep being the last thing on her mind, adrenaline still coursing through her veins, she thought about how everyone else was doing.

Tuffnut was asleep; his loud snoring that currently shook her walls evidence enough. Snotlout was probably running around Berk telling everyone that had stayed behind what happened. Fishlegs had a high chance of reading a musty old dragon book while being a curled up ball, trembling.

And Astrid, that perfect, beautiful, platinum blonde, was throwing axes in the woods. No mistake about it.

Because when Astrid's stressed, she practices fighting. Even though now things'll be different, since they won't have to fight the dragons anymore, she'll still want to stay as sharp as her

weapons.

Astrid had come to her when she was freaking out about Hiccup. She had shown up on her hut's steps with a wild look in her eyes and said "Hiccup's up to something."

Ruffnut, sensing that if she said the wrong thing she was gonna get an axe through her head, decided to go with "Dude, take a chill pill and work off your stress," something considerably safer than any of her other words of wisdom.

And, to the warrior's amazement, she watched as Astrid slowly deflated and let out a breath. She looked up at her through her straight bangs and said for the first time "Thanks Ruffnut." And to top it off, she added "You're not as insane as everyone thinks," over her shoulder as she left. That statement made Ruffnut pause and blink, thinking over what just happened.

She was known around town as 'the Other Half,' or 'the Girl Twin.' Everywhere she went people instantly backed up in fear that she was the other part of the storm about to tear up the area. She had never been thought of as sensible or responsible. She was Ruffnut, for Thor's sake! But when Astrid had said that, it filled her with the thought that maybe, just maybe, she would grow out of being one of the guys and into being one of the girls.

The only one who had ever treated her with respect was Hiccup. Even though he sometimes got tired of her tiring routine of being a whirlwind of crazy, he would smile at her and treat her like a person, which was more than she did for him.

And as Training started, she started to watch him. She observed as he bloomed from being a down and depressed boy to someone happy, someone full of life. She even noticed that he tried more.

But he tried harder than anyone on Berk. She knew that.

She also remembered when they were childhood friends. She remembered when they all got along that he would often sit away from everyone else and draw. The first time she talked to him, she strolled over to him, perched on a rock frantically sketching, and plucked the pencil out of his hand and snapped it in half. He'd looked up at her, not mad like she thought he would be, but confused.

"Why'd you do that?" he simply asked her. She huffed, as if he should have known the answer, and sat down next to him.

"What'chya drawing?" She made him move over so she could crane her neck and see the drawing. What she saw surprised her.

It was a light sketch of all the kids, running around and playing tag with their axes. They were smiling happily, as if without a care in the world. Ruffnut pointed at the prettiest girl jealously.

"Is that Astrid?" she grunted. The auburn-haired boy shook his head and pointed at a different girl.

"That's her." And Ruffnut could see the resemblance better. But that left a question unanswered.

"Then who's that?" she asked, pointing back to the girl before. Hiccup grinned at her.

"That's you!" he exclaimed. Ruffnut cocked her head to the side.

"But she's so pretty." It was a statement underneath a statement, saying that she herself wasn't pretty. Hiccup looked at her and honestly said

"That's why that's you." And for once, the feeling of being Ruffnut melted away and she was just a girl, watching her friend draw.

But then they all hit puberty, and friendship was a thing of the past. Now they were all only acquaintances. And Ruffnut got used to that, the idea of being a dragon hunter entertaining her thoughts. She didn't really notice as Hiccup succumbed to awkwardness and adolescence. But now, when he was suddenly shining in her eyes again, she remembered the respect she had once felt for him.

And the feelings too. The feelings of giddiness mixed with friendship and the slight hope of something more. But they were never acted on, so Ruffnut buried them with the rest of her emotions, the ones that weren't excitement.

Until Astrid had told her everything. About Hiccup, about his dragon, about how his skills were from training the thing, everything. And suddenly it all hit her, like a Tuffnut punch to the face.

_He's so brave. _Instead of stupidity, she thought that what he was doing was the bravest thing he could do. It was making him a better person, and that changed everything. Whatever he was doing, she was totally on board.

And then she had said it: "You're crazyâ€¦ I like that."

And she had seen the look in his eyes, even past the adorably flustered smile, a look of disgust. A look that she had only seen him wear when they talked about things like cleaning out stalls and being forced to train in the hail.

_Gods, am I really that gross? _she'd thought to herself.

But it wasn't supposed to hurt, was it? Because she was the tough girl, the one people relied on in dragon raids. She had an inner exterior of steel, ready for anything. She was the one that looked FORWARD to getting, no, EARNING, scars in battle. Yet, that single moment made her insides go cold with realization, she needed to change.

So she had gone to the battle. She'd helped all she could. She'd even helped Toothless by dressing his injuries while Astrid was out. The dragon winced once and groaned, which was uncharacteristic of him, and Ruffnut stopped.

"Do you want me to stop?" The dragon whined and pointed his head at the hut. Ruffnut sighed and patted the Night Fury gently. "Yeah bud. I know you're worried about him." Toothless's eyes locked with hers. She smiled weakly. "It'll be okay. He's just sleepin.'" And her heart swelled when every day she walked by and saw that he was still

waiting.

Still waiting.

She decided to change herself right then. She wore her hair down, miraculously got a comb through it every now and then, and stopped wearing armor. She was officially one of Berk's rare beauty girls, a girl who chose not to take part of the action. And oh, how she missed the action! But her resolve strength never wore thin. She basically locked herself in her room and looked at herself in the mirror for most of the days. She would scrutinize every detail, focusing on how to make it better.

On day Tuffnut poked his head in, did a double-take, and ran out of the room. Shortly Snotlout and Fishlegs entered the room with him, looks of shock frozen on their faces.

"Told you!" Tuffnut stated. Ruffnut sighed and got up, pushing them out. She locked the door behind her. On the other side, the boys were silent.

"Did anyone notice that she didn't kill us?" Fishlegs pointed out. Tuffnut nodded, looking strangely worried. Snotlout sighed and pushed to the front of the group.

"I know what to do."

An hour later, Ruffnut heard knocking on her door. She took a deep breath, trying not to let her anger get the best of her, she yanked the door open. "What do you-"

Standing in her doorframe was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third. He was standing awkwardly, shifting from foot to foot. Looking at his new prosthetic made her cringe. He smiled gently at her.

"Wow, Ruffnut. You look great." He told her. She shook her head.

"You're awake." she stated. He nodded. "I wasn't given the memo." Hiccup blushed a little.

"So, what's wrong?" he asked her. She looked away. "Ruffnut. Your brother told me that you haven't ridden a dragon since the battle!" Ruffnut gave him a watery grin.

"I don't go riding anymore, Hiccup. I like me now. I like being pr-pretty." She practically had to choke the last word out. Hiccup looked lost, like nothing made sense anymore. He bent down to inspect his shoe when suddenly he threw an axe that had been lying on the floor at her. She caught it instinctively. Hiccup smiled at her.

"I think you want to go ride a dragon more." She still wouldn't talk to him. "Ruffnut? Everyone misses you." At that she looked up at him.

"Tell me something." He nodded. "How long have you liked Astrid?" Hiccup blinked in surprise. "Well genius? Answer the question."

"A while." He admitted. Ruffnut nodded. Finally, she started giggling, which turned into full-on laughter. Hiccup gave her a look.

She grinned at him.

"I liked you." She stated. She ignored him and continued. "And I could be a wimpy little, well, YOU, and get all mopey, but I love riding more." With that she grabbed her helmet and axe. She punched him on the arm.

"Come on! Let's do this!"

2. Chapter 2

So I've decided to make this into a series of one shots centered on Ruffnut. I take suggestions on any topic, as long as she's the main character. It'll probably be a little rocky at first, because I haven't really done any story about just one character. But don't give up on me! This one is the end of the movie from Ruffnut's POV. Enjoy!

"You're crazy- I like that." Ruffnut whispered to Hiccup. She watched him shrug off her advance and mentally decided _eh. Not worth it _as Astrid pulled her away. She found the situation amusing considering now she'll be the one who'll have to pull Astrid off of Hiccup.

It was obvious, even to her. When Astrid had gone out and followed Hiccup in hopes of discovering his tricks, she'd come back changed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes had been bright. If it wasn't for Ruffnut being a girl, she would have assumed the girl had come down with something. But female instinct told her what was actually going on there. She silently monitored Astrid support Hiccup and his crazy scheme. It all told her that what happened in the woods had really been something.

And speaking of his schemeâ€¦|

_Riding dragons instead of killing them to kill an even BIGGER dragon? Awesome! _She thought to herself as Hiccup went into more detail. She looked over each dragon and decided on the Zippleback, the one with two heads.

_Easier to bug Tuffnut with. _She smiled wickedly. At that moment Hiccup looked at her and smiled.

"So you're okay with that?" he asked her. Ruffnut blinked- she hadn't realized that she had been zoning out.

"Uh, sure." Hiccup nodded. As discreetly as she could, she nudged Snotlout.

"Ow! What?" Apparently it wasn't as discreet as she'd thought.

"What's the plan?" she whispered. Snotlout rolled his eyes.

"Forgot you had the attention span of a Gronckle. You're gonna ride the Zippleback with Tuffnut, I'm gonna ride the Monstrous Nightmare, Fishlegs'll ride the Gronckle, and the babe is gonna ride the Deadly Nadder." Ruffnut smirked.

"Yeah, I don't think that you'll be allowed to call her 'babe'

anymore, 'cause your chances just officially hit zero. Not that you had any in the first place." Snotlout looked at her, confused.

"Well why can't I?" Ruffnut returned his look with one that said _'are you stupid?' _and replied.

"She's officially Hiccup's babe now. Still think she can do better, but you know." Snotlout silently sulked as Hiccup continued. Ruffnut locked eyes with her dragon-to-be and grinned at it. Slowly and cautiously, it returned the facial expression, the corners of its mouth(s) shakily turning upwards. Ruffnut silently laughed at the dragon's attempts.

_Maybe those scaly things aren't bad. _

And so the plan commenced. They all cautiously approached their assigned creatures.

"WOOHOO!"

â€| Except Ruffnut. She was the one that raced towards it, clutching her axe in her hand. At spying this, Tuffnut had to beat his sister getting there.

"OUTTA THE WAY!" he shoved his way through the others, cursing his heavy shield that he hadn't dropped. He shoved Ruffnut down on the ground and hopped on the nearest head.

"Which head is that?" Fishlegs timidly asked. Tuffnut got his answer when the head looked at him dead on and burped, setting his hair on fire.

"I'M HURT! I AM VERY MUCH HURT!" he screamed as he rolled on the floor, clutching his head in pain. Ruffnut laughed, drawing attention to herself from the other head. It swerved and fixed her with a glance. She nudged it with her fist.

"Good dragon." The dragon nudged her back and scooped the fallen twin up with its long neck. Tuffnut glowered but patted it anyway.

"Good dragon, I guess." he grumbled. Hiccup cleared his throat.

"Everyone ready?" he asked. Ruffnut and Tuffnut snickered at Fishlegs, who was barely hanging on to his fat Gronckle. "Here we go!"

As soon as Hiccup had taken off, the other dragons followed suit. Ruffnut watched in amazement at the skill in Hiccup's riding. It had a certain grace to it, one that could never had been taken out of fighting the dragons. But she found that the rush of wind in her hair and the adrenaline rushing through her veins was fantastic. It not only was an exhilarating experience, but it gave her a sense of accomplishment. She never felt very accomplished when fighting- the skill just came too easily to her. She found that she could lose herself in flying while battling took a sharp sense of focus that you couldn't let slip. She closed her eyes and let the feeling take over herâ€|

"RUFFNUT!" Suddenly she felt like her body was being slammed into a

scaly wall. Her eyes snapped open and a very worried-looking Hiccup filled her vision. She straightened and took in her surroundings.

She was riding on Hiccup's substitute dragon, which she didn't remember starting out on. They were flying extremely close to the water. She glanced up and saw her brother riding the Zippleback, minus one person riding the second head. She turned back to Hiccup.

"What'd I do?" she asked him.

"You fell off your dragon for some reason. That could've ended badly. Heh heh." he laughed nervously. Ruffnut straightened.

"Well, get me back up there!" she grinned madly. Hiccup's smile widened and he patted his dragon. Instantly they floated up to Tuffnut and she leapt on. As soon as she landed her brother glared at her.

"We can't waste time burying a body, sis!" Ruffnut glowered silently, which was unusual for her, being silent. Tuffnut looked away before he could see her get a mischievous look in her eyes and start to lean towards her leftâ€|

BAM! Tuffnut felt his dragon head whip to the side, causing him to almost fall into the water. He pulled his dragon back and glared at his sister. She grinned back at him.

Finally they arrived at the island. The first thing that Ruffnut saw was the other Vikings down on the ground, retreating in terror.

THEN she saw the Red Death. And

"Ohmygod!" she screamed loudly, expressing everyone's opinion. Even Astrid looked frightened. Hiccup visibly swallowed before flying out in front of them.

"So, I know that this doesn't look good, but-"

"I wanna go first!" Ruffnut declared. Everyone stopped and slowly turned to look at her. She stared back at them, confused. "What?" Hiccup tried to compose himself.

"Um, okayâ€| Are you sure you want to do that?" It relieved Hiccup when he saw that Ruffnut was thinking the ordeal overâ€|

"Will I get a scar out of it?" she asked abruptly. Hiccup decided to be honest.

"There's a chance you might." Ruffnut seemed excited.

"Awesome! Let's go!" She leaned forward, causing the dragon to go forward. Tuffnut started.

"Hey! I'd like some impute on this!" he yelled. Ruffnut glanced at him out of the corner of her eyes.

"Don't you wanna go first?" she asked him. Silence. "Thought so." Finally they got down in the other Vikings' line of vision.

"Look at us! We're on a dragon! We're all on dragons! All of us!" Ruffnut spat out some absentminded reply to her brother and his stupidity. They had a job to do! Finally they got closer to the ginormous dragon and did what they did best.

Bugged the heck out of it. Because Hiccup thought that they'd be the most well-suited to be an annoying distraction.

Who knew?

Finally, after saving Snotlout's skin, Hiccup took off towards the sky, intentionally drawing the Red Death to do the same. That left the other teens to wait around for any sign of life. Suddenly the sky lit up, showing shadows of the massive beast. Ruffnut sucked in a breath.

"Woah." It was then that a dot started to fall down. At first it seemed odd, but then it started to get bigger and bigger. It got so big that Ruffnut could swear that it had wingsâ€|

BOOM! Suddenly the Red Death slammed to the ground, its impact causing an explosion that sent some of the Vikings back. After a few minutes the smoke didn't clear up and they were left with watching the flames engulf Hiccup. Ruffnut heard Astrid scream. She wished that she could do that, but her lungs were paralyzed. Finally the smoke cleared up and they saw Hiccup's dragon on the ground, looking beaten and bruised, his wings drawn towards its body. Stoik stumbled over and started mumbling words that sounded like 'I'm sorry.' Astrid pushed her way through the crowd, Ruffnut saw, but after that she couldn't see past the others. Suddenly Stoik cried out in happiness and Ruffnut felt relief wash over her. She saw Gobber make some form of joke as everyone around them cheered. Ruffnut turned and looked at the other teens.

"We did it boys!" she stated, her eyes shining brightly. "We did it."

3. Chapter 3

****Thanks****

Ruffnut felt like dying. Seriously. She was contemplating throwing herself under a landing dragon. It was always a good way to go.

Her day had started out with the intention of being normal, actually. She'd gotten up, helmet still on her head even after falling asleep, and rushed out of the house, ignoring her parents' calls for her to actually clean her room, and headed straight to her dragon in the shed that her father had built for it. She couldn't wait to try out the new tricks she'd thought of- ones involving sharp turns and running across the neck of one head and jumping on the other- and the temptation of a clear sky only fueled her need to get out there. But as she skidded to a halt at the doors of the dragon stalls an unexpected sight greeted her. Her upper lip curled in disgust.

"What are YOU doing here?" she spat acidly. Her brother looked up from strapping his saddle to the dragon's body and shot her a glare.

"Oh. Hey Gronckle Breath. Mom let you out of your cage or something?" Ruffnut glared and stalked over to him.

"I plan on riding, for your. Infor. Mation." She poked her brother in the chest, causing breaks in her sentence. Tuffnut huffed.

"Looks like you were too slow, and not even in the smart way!"

"Keep talking, PLEASE! Maybe someday you'll actually have a decent comeback!" Tuffnut continued buckling his saddle. "What do you think you're doing? I'M riding!" Tuffnut sighed.

"Look. I got here first. So maybe you can go do something that could actually help Berk out." Ruffnut paused.

"Like what?"

"Well, there's some cooking that needs to get done at ho-" Before he could even finish, Ruffnut had punched him in the stomach, grabbed his saddle, and hopped up onto their dragon. The two heads looked at her quizzically. She grinned and patted them both. Ignoring her brother on the ground, she signaled for the dragon to go. As it started to take off it swerved suddenly. Ruffnut looked behind her and saw her brother hanging onto a tail.

"I WAS HERE FIRST!" he roared.

"And now I'm here! So GET OFF!" Ruffnut called back, fully turning towards him. She saw his eyes go wide. "Wha-" She turned back and gasped.

The shed had caught on fire in the time it took for her to turn around and yell at her brother. Apparently the two heads of the dragon had gotten into an argument and accidentally ignited the spark of gas in the literal heat of the moment. Ruffnut started coughing as the smoke sneaked its way into her lungs. Her eyes began watering and her vision blurred. She felt her body start to slide off her dragon but didn't feel the impact of the groundâ€

* * *

><p>"Is she dead?"<p>

"What happened?"

"How are her injuries?"

Slowly Ruffnut opened her eyes. At first everything seemed to blend into a mess of color, but second by second it cleared up and the faces of Astrid, Hiccup, Snotlout and Fishlegs were peering down at her. She started, causing them to back up as well.

"Wha-" she started to ask, only to break off coughing. She could practically feel a lung in the back of her throat, spongy and wet. Her shoulders twitched as the fit threw her into a hunch. Finally regaining control, she looked back up. Her friends looked horror-stricken. "What is it?"

"Who knew the mighty Ruffnut could get hurt." If it had been someone

else that said that, and not Astrid, Ruffnut would have strangled the person with her own belt. But because it WAS Astrid, she felt that this was serious.

"I'm fine." She winced at the sound she was making- _was she gargling gravel? _But nonetheless she pushed herself up and stood shakily. She was in her room, she realized. She had been moved. Taking a step forward her foot rolled and Ruffnut plunged towards the ground. She braced herself for the moment she would hit the surface, but was totally unprepared to fall into a pair of arms. Hesitantly she felt her savior's limbs- they felt like toothpicks.

"Thanks Hiccup." she muttered, pushing herself up again. A memory struck her. "Waitâ€¦ I didn't hit the ground." Snotlout gave her a look of uncharacteristic concern.

"Did she hit her head too?" he asked. Ruffnut shook her head and glared.

"That's not it, loser. When I fell off my dragon, I didn't hit the ground." Hiccup glanced at her with a look of confusion before turning back to Astrid.

"Think she's up to it?" he murmured. Astrid nodded, which confused Ruffnut even more.

"Up to what?" This time Hiccup looked sheepish.

"Well, since you and Tuffnut sorta, um, set your shed on fire, my dad decided that you two need to be 'disciplined.' " He held his hands up in the international sign of surrender. "I totally disagree, by the way! Heh heh." Even Ruffnut in her confused state could see that the bony boy was only saying this to prevent getting hit or harmed.

"So what do I have to do?"

"Wellâ€¦"

****An hour laterâ€¦****

"I hate this!" Ruffnut moaned as she continued shoveling. Her brother sighed from his spot.

"Tough luck. Keep going." He grunted while he flung the dung over his shoulders.

Ever since the Vikings had befriended the dragons, there had been a reoccurring problem: where should they go? So Stoik had the villagers vote, and they decided that since they would no longer be going to school to learn how to slay dragons, the giant cage was unneeded. And with a giant area of unused space needed to be useful, soâ€¦

Now the whole thing was filled with dragon "stuff" and reeked horribly. Gobber had given the two teens one order as their punishment: "Make more room."

So the two were given two shovels and the task of pushing as much stuff as they could against the walls of the cage. And the smell was killing both of them.

"Oh Thor, look at my boots! They're wrecked." Ruffnut pouted. Tuffnut snorted in disbelief.

"We're up to our knees in dragon crap and you're worried about that. Gods, you're getting to be just like those shallow pretty girls." Ruffnut paled.

_Oh gods no. _The pretty girls were the ones who chose not to fight and be gorgeous instead. They walked around like they owned the ground, and everyone who wasn't equally beautiful as they were was a disgusting bug.

So they weren't BFFs with Ruffnut.

And she accepted that, really she did, but the principle of it hurt. So for her brother, _her own flesh and blood_, to compare her to those people, she felt like vomiting.

And we've reached the part of the story where Ruffnut felt like dying. As she continued shoveling, she found herself losing focus on her work and zoning out. Her shovels got sloppy, which she didn't notice until she heard a yelp.

"HEY!" She turned around and saw her brother wiping dragon dung off his face while he spit repeatedly. Ruffnut laughed, at first a mere giggle which then turned into hysteria. As she cracked up, dropping her full shovel altogether, she could feel her brother's death glare focused on her intently, never shifting. Finally her breathing returned to normal and she looked up just in time to see Tuffnut rub a spot on his wrist. She pointed at it.

"What's that?" Instantly her brother tugged the brace that covered his forearm back into position. It was too late to go unnoticed though, and before he could blink Ruffnut had appeared two inches in front of his face and yanked the brace down again.

Almost his entire forearm was covered in what looked like pink lashes, ribbons of pain. They were obvious burn marks that hadn't been there before. Ruffnut didn't like the way her brother was avoiding eye contact with her. She fingered the burns delicately and to her dismay her brother winced.

"Dude. When'd you get these? They're pretty sweet scars." she tried in a desperate attempt to get him to look at her again.

It hit her then, why he wasn't talking. Why he wasn't making eye contact. Why even when she traced his burns as lightly as a feather he felt pain.

"â€| Those are new, aren't they?" she asked. Then the bigger realization hit her with enough force to send her sprawling. "You caught me, didn't you?" Tuffnut made eye contact, and Ruffnut was truly shocked to see a mix of worry and panic expressed in his face.

"â€| You got me, didn't you?" she whispered. And for the first time in what seemed like ever, Ruffnut felt appreciation swell inside her. She lightly punched her brother on his other arm.

"â€| Thanks, man." A spark lit in the back of Tuffnut's eyes. He

smirked and picked his shovel up, flinging some brown stuff on Ruffnut. She gasped and picked up her own shovel-now-weapon. "Oh, it's SO on."

End
file.